

## The Paradise

Behold my God, whose might may me a freeman make,  
These were my friends, whose counsels curst, I was content to take.  
These were the lawlesse Lordes, whom I did serue alway,  
These were the maisters whose mad bestes, I did too much obey.  
Beholde my faultes most foule, which follie first did frame,  
in louing them I should haue loathed, whence breedeth all my bane.

Now doe I looke aloft, with bathfull blushing face,  
On glorie shine, that so I may discerne my owne disgrace.  
my many spotted and great, must needes increase my guilt,  
Wille thou wash them in thy blood, that for my sake was spilt.  
Forgiue the faultes O Lord, which I from hart repent,  
And graunt my daies to come, may be in thy sweete seruice spent.

FINIS. *I. Haywood.*

Alluding his state to the prodigall childe.

**T**He wandring youth whose race so rashly runne,  
Hath left behinde, to his eternall shame:  
The thistle title of the prodigall Sonne,  
To quench remembrance of his other name.  
may now denie the burthen of his blame,  
With me whom wretched thoughts entised still:  
To tread the tracte of his unrulie will.

He took his chilles part, at his fathers hands,  
Of Gods free grace, his gifts I did receiue:  
He trauailed far in many forraine lands,  
my restless mind, would neuer raging leaue.  
False queanes did him of all his coine bereaue,  
Fonde fancies stult my baine with such abuse:  
That no good hap could seeke to any vse.

They draue him out, when all his pence was spent,  
my lustes left me, when strength with age was wone.  
He was full faine, a farmer's hogs to tend:  
my life mist, did reape deserued scorne,  
Through hunger huge, wherewith his trips were toene.  
He wist for swaddes, euen so wist I most vaine,  
in fruitlesse pleasure, fondly to remaine.

*Robt*



Newe Sonets, and pretie  
*Pamphlets.*

Written by Thomas Howell  
Gentelman.

Newly augmented, corrected  
and amended.



Imprinted at London in Flete-  
streete, at the signe of the S.  
Iohn Euangelist, by Thomas  
Colwell.



Newe Songs, and pteue  
Tamples.

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Printed at London in Flete  
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John Evangelist by Thomas  
Cowell.

C



To his approved freinde Maister

*Henry Bassels Gentleman, Thomas Howell*  
together hartely well.



When I had first gathered together  
these few simple Sonets, I thought  
nothing lesse, then to commit  
so vnskillful a collectiō of fond phan-  
ties, vnto the printers charge. hauing perswa-  
ded my selfe before, that they were growen in a  
more frutelesse soile, and vnlearned head, then  
may well answer, either the expectacion of the  
freindly Reader, either the iudgements of the  
learned, either the freindly care to which I now  
commend the, whose chearefull ledes of freind-  
ship, to wen in me a frutelesse felde, do iustly  
require more profitable, & more plentiful fruits  
then these trifling toys are. But afterwardes  
I had purposed to imprinte them, being requi-  
red oftentimes, by such a freind, to whose earnest  
request in this matter (after many denials) I  
did seeme (as reason wold) partly to yeelde, and  
venturynge rather the blasing a broode of these  
few phantasies, to the plaine declaring of my vn-  
learnednesse and ignorance, then by vnfreindly  
denial to repel the earnest desiers of such my  
approved freinde. I thought none more meet



## The Epistle.

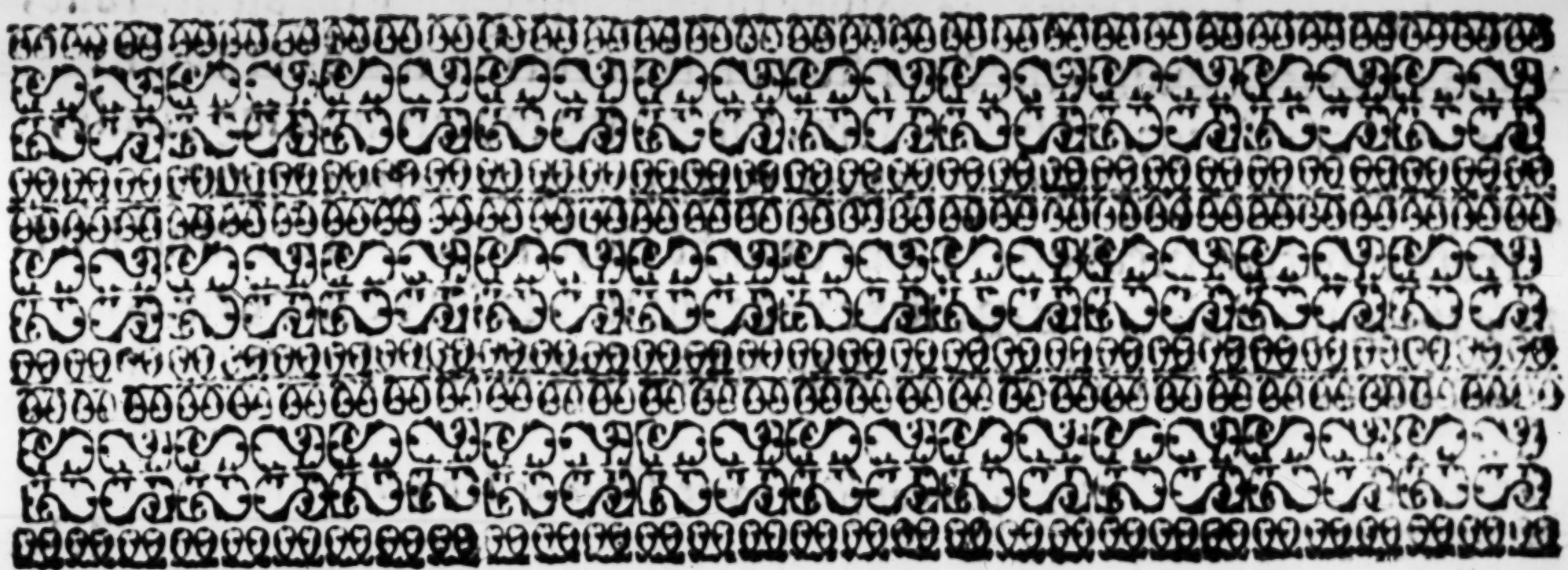
to whom I should present the then, vnto you) my friend good Maister Laſſels) being a friend faithfull, a hartie helper, & a welwiller of mine, not doubtyng, that you will aswell accept the purpose of my Penne herein, as I do already conceiue of you by offering the same the only good will of my welmeaning harte. Though they be in deede bare toyes of small effecte, yet take them as chearefull as Leibes once King of Fraunce, accepted the hartie gift of a poore man, but a rude present for a Prince, being only a tender Radish roote, which he yet (considering not the value of the root but the good will of the geuer rooted in his hart) highly esteemed before all other costly iuels. So if small gifts encrease a good opinion, and a good opinion augmenteth loue, and loue by prooſe establiſheth freindſhip, and doth ratifie the same, I doubt not then, but that this ſigne and ſmall gift, or rather ſimple ſhift ſhalbe an occasion to ratifie that good will of yours with, my entent is either to requite if I might, or remember as I can, or at the leaſt wiſe not to treade it vnder foote as I will not, to ſhew ſuch ingratitude, as



## The Epistle.

the savadge beast the Lyon woulde not, wher  
of Aulus Gellius maketh his reporte. Wherfore  
good Maister Lassels, receave these my base  
and baraine labours, which in signe of this  
new returned yere I geue vnto you, commit-  
ting it to the iudgements of the skilful, whose  
fauour I craue, for that my pen is not as well  
perfected as I would wish it, both for the Reas-  
ders commoditie, and also the pleasure of you  
my freinde, for whose cause I knowe it shall  
beare the lesse reproche, and of some more accep-  
ted, in doinge wherof I shall confesse a token  
of your freindship more added to the number  
of proofs which I haue at sundrie times recey-  
ued of you before. Fare ye well.

Your assured freinde Thomas Howell.



Of. Late. A young man. in Arris. was  
to. el. sword. &. empty. to. el. sword.  
As. brave. &. bonny. Counten. Lass.  
As. Quor. yet. was. made. by. nature.



TO HIS FAYHTFUL FREINDE AND  
Fellow Maister Henry Laffels.

**S**ome prudent heads: with pollicie, do ponder how to please,  
the freendly man by whose desert, they haue founde heaelp or ease,  
And other some: there be agayne, which valiently doe seeke,  
to do some deed by venture great, that lookers on might like,  
wherby Dame Fame shuld neuer cease, triumphant Trumps to sound,  
the pollicie and valientnesse, which hath in them been founde,  
But I offrancke, and meare good will, and not to gayne the praise,  
as one that wanth a cunning skill, to imetate their wayes.  
Do present thes my frisyng toyes, and far vnconning wrytes:  
remembryng how the wise man saies, the change of thinges, belies.  
Which not alone apereth trewe, by meates whereon wee feede,  
but change in all thinges both renew, the appetite in deede:  
When as the Vitale spirits be filde, with be we of learned Booke,  
the world eyes do willyng craue, on lighter thinges to looke,  
And Musicke sounde, doth much delight, the eares and minde of man,  
whose pleasant tunes, so mightie be, that banish cares they can:  
The cause for which, it hath this gifte, is the varietie,  
in it contaynde, by learned Chiffe, of skilfull Vermonie.  
Doth not the sounde: of homely Pipe, that Shepperds rudely blow,  
refresh the hartes: of rusticke route, their simple skill to shoue.  
Which is sufficient pzoofe inoughe that change contentes the minde,  
wherefoze I will: pzycke on my Plough, some further change to finde  
By tillinge oft my fruitelesse feilde, whose bare and barin soyle,  
god knowes hath scarce the power to yeld, one Cozne for all my toyle,  
But yet where wanth the finer flower, the coursest sorte doth ease:  
in like case thinges of litle power, the minde sometime may please,  
Accept therfore my Laffels trewe, these toyes in freindly part,  
from him that meanes: to thee nought els, but shew of faithfull hart:  
Use them for change: as Musicke rude, for such is sure their grace,  
Or els as coursest Flower is vsde, when fine is out of place.

Thine till not his owne Thomas Howell.

John



John Keper Student to the Vpright Reader  
of these pretie Pamphilets.

**A** Feilde is none so ill, where fruitlesse weedes do groe,  
but y<sup>e</sup> some herbe of vertue good, his pearyng flowres may sho  
So though in Howels soyle, illwillers seeme to see,  
at first nought els but thristlesse thoznes, and Whistles wilde to bee:  
Yet who shall be w<sup>th</sup> his Feildes, and rightly them peruse,  
shall see that frutes and frutfull Verbes, do spryng of his sweet muse:  
For playnly he depayntes, the fits of youthfull loue:  
whose modest Pen from honest act, no mindefull man will moue.  
Here learne affects to rule, and youth in care to spende,  
be ware thou mayst by others harmes, how youthly toyes do ende:  
Here reape, with other frutes, precepts of mortall minde:  
Are these no Verbs of goodly grace, in fertile Feilde to finde?  
Also his fined phrase, shall get deserued prayse,  
whose cunnyng verse of youthly yeres, graue actes of age displayes.  
Wylth him moze woakes to Pen, by this his tried skill:  
and hope to see by tract of time, moze frutes of painfull quill.  
To Howels happie hande, restore thou thanks for this,  
and with him after death to liue, in wittie woakes of his.  
Finis.

IOANNES KEPER OXON. AD  
the Howell.

*A Vreamellisui voluntur scripta Gorreri,  
Chaucer; florent acta diserta senis,  
Sic quoq; Chauterida similis captobis honores,  
Pergere si vigilans ut modopergis aues,  
Vibene capisti, nullos male linguclabores,  
Gloria sudore est, desidiaq; dolor.*

Finis.

With a railing of you - & a for howd. high by  
How. All good parts. Jew like nature of and how  
you. show. had. to find. such. I think  
who would not say for. by 75. to go at how.



# William Howell.

to his Brothers Booke.

**G**oode Booke wheras thou maist the best to please:

Waste not for curious heads or folish baines,

Of learned see thou craue thy greif to ease,

With rigour not to iudge wher loue remaines,

Do yet I say the best to please, be trew,

Care not for them that mend Appelles shew.

**F I N I S.**





He declareth his greate mishappes, and  
lamentable sorowes of harte.

**W**hen eache wight wonted is, to take by nature rest,  
I lie alas through greeping grieve, and thought so soze oprest,  
That from my goyng to bead, untill the time I rise,  
Sleape once hath skarse the powze to close my weeping wakefull eyes,  
In whiche longe lothsome nightes, my Pen full oft I blame,  
For that the wofull state of me t'indite he doth not frame:  
Whose youthfull yeares and daies, by nature were not ripe,  
When cruell fate them cleane cut of, at one most soden wyse:  
Though life do yet remaine to length my time in teares,  
Whiche flyng fame seemes not to cease, to blow in each wightes cares,  
For singe me oft God knowes, a heauie harte to beare,  
When outwardly I seeme to shew, a glad and mery cheere,  
And eke a carefull minde, more troublously it oft,  
Then is the shipman on the Sea, in daunger nie the lost:  
Whose care no greater is, then life and goods to saue,  
When I of God continually, with humble voyce do craue,  
That he by death will quite, my grief away expell,  
And geue to me a place amonge, the saued soules to dwell:  
Which now longe times haue been, so tossed with vnrrest,  
That scarfe I may the woes sustaine, that lie in wofull brest,  
To thinke on my mishaps, whiche do me still betide,  
When happie hap to finde redesse, full fast away doth glide,  
What greater greife may growe in any honest minde,  
Then is to wante such wonted wealth, as it some time did finde:  
Such prouidence for man, doth Fortune oft procure,  
When smilingly she seemes to trayne, with bayte of golden leure,  
By meane whereof she will, a canckred payson lay,  
Full closely coucht in pleasant bayte, with that pooze soule to tray,  
As I but lately tried, who doth her bayts so taste,  
That secretly I sup the smart, whiche cause me pine and waste:  
Would God when I began, to enter first to life,  
That present death had pearst my hart, and rid me cleane this strife,

*Del. by R. of 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.*



So should my Parents not, haue been at such great cost,  
 To bringe me vp on whom by fate, their great good gifts are lost:  
 He yet haue left to me, no whit such wealth at all,  
 Whereby from wealth to miserie, might chaunce a soden fall,  
 But should the same els where, haue well bestowed I say,  
 Which they in leauing vnto me, did naught but cast away,  
 Whose heauie helplessse haps, increasing euery howe,  
 Doth force me weepe, when others sleape, where fortune doth not losse.  
 Thus passe I forth the nighte, when wishe doth wante his will,  
 Whom fortune seekes by great despight, most cruellie to spill,  
 And when the dawninge day, I do perceaue and see,  
 And eke how Titan listeth vp, him selfe in first degree,  
 Whose glorious glyttering beames, doth moue each thing to ioy,  
 Saue only I whose haplesse hap, hath wrought all mine annoy:  
 Then from my couteche I creepe, all clad with woe and care,  
 And for to walke in Desart place, my selfe I do prepare,  
 Where none but wofull wights, do wandring wayle their græse,  
 Where violence doth vengeance take, where neuer comes releefe:  
 Where pleasure plaies no parte, nor wanton life is lead,  
 Where daintinesse no daunger makes, ne finesse once is fead:  
 Where deepe dispayre doth dwell, in owle lothsome lake:  
 Where feurious fændes do ferly fight, an sorowes neuer slake:  
 Euen there in dolefull Den, I do dyne forth the day,  
 Where as my pitious plainte and wo, no tyme hath once to stay,  
 And then a new I wish, that I had neuer been,  
 To boyde the painefull piteous plight, that now I wretch am in,  
 Within whose troublous head, such thronge of thoughts doth rise,  
 That now on this and then on that, I cease not oft to vise,  
 Amonge whiche thoughts I note, this one that doth ensew,  
 Which as the younge Wyde brought from neast, & put in cage or mew,  
 Doth ioye in that her life, as much as though she might  
 From wood to wood, or feilde to feilde, at pleasure take hir flight,  
 whiche plainly doth declare, a man from byrth brought vp,  
 In meane estate that neuer knew, the taste of wanton cup,  
 Doth holde himselfe so well contente, with his degre,

That



That he in life doth seldome seeke, to craue moze greater fee.  
 But I as byrde vnlike, that flew hir timely flight,  
 Throughtout the groues and fertill fielde, in ioyes and great delight,  
 Which shall no soner feele hir selfe, to be restrainde,  
 From her such wonted libertie, as some time she retainde:  
 But forth withall she doth, such inwarde thought conceaue,  
 That yelding vp hir pleasures past, hir life therewith doth leaue,  
 When as the byrde in Cage, with chirpyng cheare doth singe,  
 That neuer knew the place wherein, she had moze better b'inge;  
 So I do playnly see, eche wight that wealth hath taste,  
 And afterwardes doth wante the same, with sorow is imbaste,  
 Wherefoze sith life apointed was, in me this longe to last,  
 In simplest sozte woulde God I had the same to this time past,  
 Then should I sure haue liude contente with this my pay,  
 Which now because of carefull change in wo do wast away.

Finis.

Keper to his frende Hovvell.

**W**hen surging Seas with raginge blastes be blownen,  
 In whiche is man with ship of troublous saile,  
 He must beware least Hulcke be ouerthrowen:  
 When deathly seas compels weake hart to quaille;  
 So though thou be returnd from Port of blisse,  
 With hoyling waues and windes so hardly tost:  
 Thou maist thy selfe full well assure of this,  
 Thou art not he that first hath had the lost.  
 It is a heape sometimes in miserie,  
 To haue a sozt as felows eke of thzall,  
 Ah many man hath felt the chaunce of thee:  
 When witlesse youth doth range so prodigall.  
 Then hoyle thy sayle and be not ouerblowen,  
 The feare of harmes may not thy stomacke flake.  
 And rise from couche when chearefull light is showen,  
 And draw thee backe from paines of Plutoc lake.

*But to be shew in. B. y. Dane  
 see also the howe will. B. y. Dane  
 the howe will. B. y. Dane  
 the howe will. B. y. Dane*



Haue stronger hart then simple Birdes on tree,  
 Let manly corps, a manly minde embrace,  
 No woes can helpe: then frende be rulde by mee,  
 Let patience in quiet bzeast haue place:  
 For all disease for cares and woes each one,  
 A quiet minde, is only salue alone,

Finis.

The restlesse paynes of the Louer forsaken.

**I**n springe time when fresh flowers, in feilde do flourish fayre,  
 When Trees do bud and blonoms beare, when temperate is th'ayre  
 When Byrdes with chirping cheare, when Beastes that be but brute,  
 As course of kinde doth force them forth, though loue begins great sute.

Then I whose fanisie fed, my sprites to spozte and play,  
 To Forrist fayre of pleasant ayre, began to take the way:  
 As I did passe throughout a valey fayre and greene,  
 Where Birds did singe and Beastes to runne oft pleasant I had seen.

All hush I founde it tho, such silence was there kept,  
 As midnight then if it had been, and all thinges sounde had slept:  
 Where at amasde I stode, and listning longe might heare  
 At last a hollow sounding voice, with lowde lamenting cheare.

In shrubs harde shadowed by, a wofull twight there lay,  
 Whose carefull corps through pining paine, was welnie woone away:  
 Where powring out his plainte, he curst his cruell fate,  
 That led him forth to hope for hier, where he in fine founde hate.

He sight and beat his bzeast, and bid all men take heede,  
 By him to trust no filed wordes, where as they shew no dede:  
 For filed wordes me fed, to folow fancie so,  
 That like the hooked fish betraide, I languish now in wo:

I looke







As these and many mo are vanished,  
 So shall your youth, your fauour, and your grace,  
 When nothing els but vertue may take place.

To vertue therfoze do your selues applie,  
 Call Cressids lyfe vnto your youthly minde,  
 Who pass her time in Troye most pleasauntly  
 Till falsinge faith to vice she had inclinde,  
 For whiche to hir suche present plagues were sinde,  
 That she in Lazers lodge hir life did ende,  
 Whiche wanted was most choyce to be tende.

Hir comly corpes that Troylus did delight  
 All puffed with plagues full lothsomly there lay:  
 Hir Azure baines, hir Cristall skinne so whight,  
 With Purple spots, was false in great decay:  
 Hir winked face once fayre doth fade away,  
 Thus she abode plagde in midst of this hir youth,  
 Was first to beg for breaking of hir truth.

Lo here the ende of wanton wicked life,  
 Lo here the fruit that Sinne both sowes and reapes:  
 Lo here of vice the right rewarde and knife,  
 That cutteth of cleane and tumbledowne in heapes,  
 All such as treadeth Cressids cursed steps,  
 Take heede therfoze how you your youtnes do spende,  
 For vice bringee plagues, and vertue happie ende.

Finis.

The description of his lothsom life,  
 to his friende.

**L**ike as the wofull wight, in Irons colde doth lie,  
 And hopes at Sise to be releast, is then condemnde to die:  
 Euen so alas my lot, as contrarie both fall,  
 As his who lookt for suger sweet, and founde most bitter gaule,



and pretie Pamphilots.

My reastlesse labour now I iustly may compare,  
To Sisyphus that neuer sleapes, or els to Tistius care,  
For after sturdie stormes, when calme I thinke to finde,  
More rougher rage a new doth rise, to gripe my greeued minde,  
And when my carefull case, by meanes I seeke to cure,  
Most deepist dinte of inwarde wo alas I doo endure.  
The cause of this my grief yet will I closly keepe,  
And secretly my sorowes suppe when others sounde do sleape.

Finis.

The Louer almost in desperation,  
moneth his estate.

My carefull case, and heauie pining plight,  
Constraineth me, against my will to wright,  
The plungid state wherin I liue and dwell,  
Doth force me forth my trimbling tale to tell,

My heaped moes, all solace sett es aside,  
Whose secreete smarte, alas I fayne woulde hide,  
But as the subiect Dre to yoke must yelde,  
So vanquisht wightes are forth forsake the fielde.

My lucklesse lot, denies me all releefe,  
I seeke for help, but finde increase of greefe,  
I languish still in longe and deepe dispayre,  
Yet feare to shew the cause of this my care.

I couit nought that reason might denie,  
I seeke not for to clime the cloudie skie,  
But what I seeke, if I the same might finde,  
Then should be easde mine vncontented mine.

Quoth. Hee. Finis. Had I but knowne, I had with me  
If my mother would, I had with me  
I had with me



## Pleasant Sonets,

The infortunate ende of Cresus Kynge of Lydia,  
a vworthy note for Couetousnesse sake.

When darkenesse dim the earth did hide, and busht was wood & fielde,  
when Beasts & Birdes of painted pride, to take their rest did yelde,  
When Seas and waues of waters wilde, their rozing seemde to flake,  
And eche thing els in silence sat, on sleape their ease to take,  
Then I whose wakefull troubled head, no quiet rest coulde finde,  
Lay mewing how I best might ease, mine vncontented minde:  
At last I starte from out my bead, and hauing present light,  
Did finde a Booke whereon I read, to driue away the night,  
In whiche the life of Cyrus Kynge of Persia I founde,  
Written by one hight Xenophon, from whence I take my grounde,  
The wonderous workes and worthy deedes, of Cyrus then I read,  
His regale rule his liberall harte, and how in warres he spread:  
How he thzough his beneuolence, not only eache hart won,  
But kept himselfe thereby moze sure, then towne or garison:  
Who when at any time he stood, of Golde or men in neede,  
with wealth and will his people hast, to strenght him still with speede:  
And bzeif to be suche noble deedes, by Cyrus done I finde,  
As iustly sure deserued hath, to winne immortall minde,  
Which I now passe ouer to them, that better can indite,  
As one who most vnable is, his life at large to wryte:  
But only this I note therin, as thinge of wonders prise,  
A mirrour maete for Maiestrats, to set befoze their eies.  
When Cressus he that cozmraunt Kynge, which ouer Lyde did raigne,  
Seyng the largenesse Cyrus vsde, wilde him his hande restraine:  
He saide to heape his frendes in wealth, was vnto him great pleasure,  
If he then chaunst to stande in neede, he toke them for his treasure:  
O noble Kynge, woulde God thy life were grauen in Tables of Golde,  
That Cresus kinde whiche now doth liue, thy bountie might beholde,  
So should they se what Fame thou wanne, in lands and countries cosse,  
where Cresus Kynge was cleane consumde, with that he honoꝝd moste;  
Who ended thus his greedie guttes, were filde and set on flote,  
with glittering Golde that melted was, and powdered downe his throte.

Finis.

The



**T**he state of worldly things, is strange and most unstable,  
 Both mirth and wo to man it brings, through Fortune variable,  
 Wherefore I holde him best, that hath sufficient,  
 That likes the lot which God hath geuen, & therewith stands contente:  
 For they that seeke most highest, them selues for to aduance,  
 Are often seen to be the nicest to dangerous mischance;  
 Example by the tree which growes vpon the hill,  
 That subiect is vnto eache blast, when trees below are still,  
 The higher state alwayes the greater care doth bringe,  
 The greater care the lesser ease, which proues the meane surest thing,  
 And Hystories deuine vs bidth from cares and woes,  
 And wils vs all to view the byrdes, and Lillies fresh that grows.  
 The Byrds ne sowe nor reape, and yet do wante nothing,  
 The Lillie eake it doth compare with Salomon the King,  
 Affirming plainly that he in all his princely power,  
 Was neuer decked like vnto the simple Lilly flower:  
 A boyde such care therefore, as quailles the corage ofte,  
 And put thy confidence in him, that sits in Throne a lotte;  
 Contented thy selfe alway, with that he shall assure,  
 Against those whom he doth exalte, se thou do not repine,  
 If riches do increase, be thankesfull for the same,  
 If wante of that do chaunce to please, do not thy Fortune blame,  
 Better it is of bothe, to be contente with ought,  
 With greate and heaped howdes of golde, then haue vnquiet thought:  
 Did not Diogenes, prefer the shining Sonne,  
 Before the mightie kingdomes great, that Alexander wonne:  
 When this greate conquerour woulde, haue geuen him giftes of golde,  
 He saide like gifte thou canst not geue, as thou from me dost holde.  
 Tho sundrie others mo, whose workes were wonderous wise,  
 I might here name to like effete, yet let this sayd suffice,  
 For nothing here so sure, that certaine may remayne,  
 Acompte therfore all worldly powre, as transitorie bayne.

Fins.

The

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**Pleasant Sonets.**

**The vnquiet estate of the Loner,  
vvhercin is vvished redresse.**

**L**ike as the Captaine stoute, constrainde is in th' ende,  
Opzest with polwze to yelde himself, and what he did defende;  
So I with Cupid caught, am fozt at last to yelde,  
To you whose vertuous wapes, hath wonne of me both Fozte & fielde,

I may no longer cloke the scortching flames of fire,  
That still in seacret bzeast doth burne, through wante of my desire;  
But fozth it findes away, that hid hath line full longe,  
And loue doth boldly bid me seeke, to haue redzesse of wzonge.

Sith then in you it lies, on me to worke your will,  
By mercie foz to length my life, by contrary to kill;  
Let pittie moue your minde, in humble wise I sue,  
And seeke to saue the Captiue harte that wiltheth well to you.

Foz here I do confesse the only state and stay,  
Of my led life and eke my death, to rest in you alway:  
Whose graunte of grace hath polwze, to glade my griped bzeast,  
Whose stay therof hath like effect, to further mine vnrest.

Graunte pea therfoze my deare, let nay be out of minde,  
As I haue vowde to worke your will, till death shall do his kinde;  
And thus I cease to waite, the twentieth parte of greife,  
That my pooze payned harte endures, as yet without releife.

**Finis.**

**Liberalitee.**

**W**here wise do suffer wante,  
And driuen in hard distresse:  
Cut not thy cantele skante,  
That marke their cause redzesse.

**Finis.**

**Pro-**



and pretie Pamphlets.

**Providence.**

**T**Wylse happie is the wight,  
Whom others harmes doth cause  
To shonne the snare, of noysome care,  
That growes by breache of lawes.

# Finis.

Good aduise, to his faithfull

**friends**

**O**f Louers restles liues, I list not toight,  
Let learned heads describe their playnfull plight:  
But plaine in tearmes I wishe thee euen as well,  
As those that can their tales moze trimly tell.

Whose friendly meaning if thou wilt receaue,  
 Fyſt ſlie from Vice and vnto Vertue cleaue:  
 Perſe ſeeke by honeſt meanes, ſuch wealth to winne,  
 As may thee helpe what neede thou ſhalt be in.

Counte not thy Chickens that unhatched be,  
 Wraye wordes as winde, till thou finde certaintee:  
 For fild wordes that deede do neuer peeke,  
 May well be likened to the baren felde.

Be ware of had I wisse whilst youth doth last,  
Whose stealinge steps do passe away in hast:  
Provide in time, thine aged yeres to chearish,  
And let fayre wordes go fæde, the sonde and folishe.

Accounte eache thinge, as p<sup>r</sup>oofe the same shall trie,  
Trust not to farre befoze thou finde cause why:  
For vnder Flowers so fayre oft poyson lurkes,  
Whose shewe of flagrant smell much mischiefes woakes.

# Take

Quoth. I have had her contracted by  
the signet & have both some ~~from~~  
~~I have~~ & ~~the~~ wife of ~~Alfred~~ your  
And master. ~~for~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~longer~~



Pleasant Sonets.

Take heede least Argus with his craftie net,  
And wily subtle sleights do thee be set:  
Thus wishinge aye thy wealth, I make an ende,  
Least tedious talke should nought but thee offense.

Finis.

Youth still bevvayleth,  
VVhen naught it availeth.

**M**retchedleffe rage of wanton youthe,  
With griefe I do lament:  
When vnto minde I call the truthe,  
How I my time haue spent.

Finis.

An humble sute to his friende,  
requesting Loue for Loue.

**I** saw of late a wofull wight,  
That Willo wandes did winde to weare:  
Whose face declares the painfull plight,  
Which he through loue then present beare.  
He lookte a loft as though he woulde  
Haue fled vnto the starrie skies:  
But still he stoode, as though he coulde,  
Not once heaue vs his heauie thies:  
His feathered handes he flashed forth,  
And thither sayne he woulde haue fled:  
But wofull man he was full to wither,  
To see his limmes all lade with lead.

You are the bright and starrie skie,  
I am the man in painfull plight:  
My limmes are lade I cannot flie,  
My corps may not sustaine my weight.

I read



and pretie Pamphilets.

413

I read the woes of Sigismonde,  
The childe of Tancred Salerne kinge:  
Her loue to Guystarde did so bounde,  
She fancied els none other thinge.  
For riches naught nor for his wealth,  
Whereof he had but slender store,  
His vertue was his only health,  
She likte that well she sought no more.  
They had their hoped hap and ioye,  
If Tancred coulde content him so,  
But he by working their annoy,  
Unto himselfe brought deepest woe.

You Sigismonde are fayre and bright,  
Woulde I had Guystarde's vertuous life,  
And Tancred chaste cleane out of sight,  
Then woulde I wish for such a wife.

I read how Luna loued one,  
Of birth but meane of right good fame,  
By name iclipt Endimione,  
Whose loue was quite deuoyde of blame:  
In Laemi Hill it thus befell,  
She saw him sit all sad alone,  
Tis I (qu she) I know full well,  
For whom he mournes and makes his mone:  
She was not shame of Laemi Hill,  
Nor yet of Louers simple state,  
But straight consents, vnto his will,  
And him did choise for louing make.

O Luna looke vpon thy Loue,  
Endimion makes his mone to thee,  
We not ashamde let pittie mone,  
And loue me like as I loue thee.

Finis.

C.iii.

The



## Pleasant Sonets

The Commendation of the meane  
in all thinges.

**A** So meane in Musicke soundeth best,  
 So meane estate liues most in rest:  
 The higher climde the fall moze deepe,  
 The deeper fall the double paine,  
 And pensife paine doth carefull keepe,  
 In man each linely lim and vaine,  
 Whiche proues what change or chaunce do fall,  
 Contented meane exciedeth all.

Finis.

I. K. To his friende H:

**T**he high estate is dangerous,  
 The poore begger is burdenous,  
 The richer sorte are tedious,  
 The needie soule is dolorous.  
 The youthfull imps are prodigall:  
 The aged thyrt for goods so thall,  
 The bolder men folehard ye call,  
 The fearefull wights are bastards all,  
 Then ill eschew, embrace thinges cleane,  
 Howell, welfare thy golden meane.

Finis.

He lamenteth the vngratefull person  
for inconstancie.

**A** Las I unhappie and most wofull wight,  
 Whom Fortune so deeply hath now in despight,  
 That tonge cannot tell ne Pen haue powre to wright,  
 My pittifull playnt and heauie pining plight,

How shall I to ease me, vnbozden my brest,  
 Of these double dolours that breeds mine unrest,

When







The declaration of the vnstablenesse  
of fickle Fortune.

**W**here Fortune fauoureth not, what labour may preuaile,  
 Whom frowning fate will needes thrust downe, what shall he win  
 With patience to yelde, for such I deeme most best, (to waile;  
 And cast their cares and griefes on him, that reioyeth fates behest,  
 Wee see by perfit proufe, that none so princely goes,  
 But that by will of God the best, out of this worlde he flies,  
 Sith then suche fickle force, in mortall might wee finde,  
 Let nothing that shall hap thee heare, to much torment thy minde:  
 For all to liue a like, of this assured bee,  
 Was neuer yet nor shalbe seene, but eache in his degree:  
 As like the Potters pottes, be made to sundrie vse,  
 So some men serue and some are serued, here needes no fine excuse,  
 The labouring man to toyle, that spares ne night nor day,  
 Gets skarce to feede his famely, when some howde heapes that play,  
 Yet doth he not dispayre, nor yet from labours flee,  
 But liues contente when worldlings make, of wealth their miserie,  
 Who gripte with greater greif, if Fortune list to lowe,  
 Then suche as earst did feede at fill, vpon hir fruitfull flowe:  
 Whiche change fruitt hath chaunst, through hir vnconstantnesse,  
 And whom she lately laught vpon, throwne downe remedlesse.  
 Was Alexander greate, that many daungers past,  
 For all his mightie conquestes wonne, not poyned dead at last.  
 A Kynges sonne eke I finde, for Fathers tirannie,  
 Constrained to worke in Smithes Forge, by harde necessitie,  
 Suche is the fading force of Fortunes fickle flower,  
 Whose fruitfull fruite both ripens & rots in lesse space then one hower.  
 Such is hir tickle trust, suche are hir slipper steppes,  
 That what she seemes to sowe in ioye, with sorow oft she reapes.  
 Attribute all to him that ruleth fate therefore:  
 To him I meane whiche leste the riche, and fed the pining poore,  
 For thus do I intende, while vitall breath shall last,  
 Though earst I practise many meanes, which proufe hath tride in wast.  
 Finis.



and pretie Phamphilets.

17

Themistocles answer, concerninge  
his Daughter to be married.

**T**hemistocles by whose great skill, th' Athenians longe were led,  
His only Daughter did bestow, on meane yonge man to wed,  
Whiche when his freindes did wonder soze, these wordes he did expresse  
My daughter deare hath wonne (q he) moze wealth then ye do gesse:  
Whom I accompt muche better plasse, when truth I truely scan,  
Upon a man that money wants, then money wanting man.

Finis.

The Lamentation of the vvofull man,  
hauinge for entire Loue  
no goodvvyll.

**T**he time that I began, to enter first to life,  
Woulde God the sisters thzee had cut the thzeade with fatale knife  
Wolde God that death had been, with arowes readie bente,  
To pearce the wofull harte of mine, whiche now with care is spent.

Then should I not at all, haue folowed fancies lewze,  
Whose outwarde shewe of suger sweet, is mixt with poyson sowze:  
As now I am constrainde, by destinie sure I thinke,  
That still doth finde but bitter tast, yet cannot choose but drinke.

Thus I God knowes full oft a heauie harte do beare,  
Then outwardly I seeme to shew a mery carelesse cheare,  
Desembling eke my case, in hope of happier day,  
But aye from time to time I finde nought els but my decay.

I pine in secret flames, like ware consumde with fyze,  
I wishe, but alwaies wante my will, lo this mine only hier:  
What Waps did geue hir foode, that nought regards my wo:  
What Tiger scarce alas coulde hate, the harte that loued hir so.

D.

Create



Great crueltie it is, to slay the yielding wight,  
 That mercy stil doth sue to haue, and bseth none other fight :  
 But sith my haplesse hap alas must needes be so,  
 With speede come death to ende my life, and ridde me of this woo.

Finis.

The Louer declares his constant harte neuer to  
 forge the thinge that vvas decreed.

Shall any wight pzenayle, to bringe to passe by powre,  
 Away to mooue, or rule our loue, that faith hath first tindeuore.  
 Shall either force of friendes, or frowarde frowning foes,  
 Cause vs forgoe our hoped iopes, bought with so many woes,  
 No, no, for my parte here, a bowe to thee I make,  
 That first eache torment shall me teare, care I my faith forsake.

Finis.

An admonition, concerning the  
 tracte of time.

As time all thinges findes out,  
 So time eache thinge must bide.  
 In time therefore I wishe,  
 That time may well prouide.

Finis.

A friendly admonition to his friende, that  
 craued good Counsaile.

Condemne no cause till it be thoroughly knowne,  
 Eche brutish boyle that forth abroad is blowne :  
 Belene not lightly, least by some suche acte,  
 Thou chaunce repent of deede informer facte.

Accuse



and pretie Pamphilets.

19

Accuse no wight of crime till trouth thou trie,  
Be credit then thine eare before thine eye;  
Suche false reporte abrode may often go,  
As perfit p[ro]bosc shall finde out nothing so.

In iudgement rathe be that thou neuer bee,  
Deale not in thinges that passe capacitie:  
Thy porcion spende that some thou haue to spare  
If thou wilt lye denoyde of woes and care.

Finis.

A pithy Precept.

¶ When youth hath runne his race,  
Olde age doth steppes in place;  
In youth therfore beware,  
Least age be clad with care.

Finis.

Another.

¶ Who wanteth force against his foes to fight,  
Shall seldom be denoyde of painfull plight.

Finis.

The expressing of his vnluckie happes  
diuersly chaunced.

L Pke as the shippe of force doth drine,  
Which way the winde shall him constrainne;  
So out of native soyle I line,  
As destnie doth me leade and traine,  
Now here, now there, now vp, now downe,  
As Fortune listes, to smile or frowne.

And as the hoxe the rider rides,  
Of force must take such way as he:

D. G.

With



## Pleasant Sonets,

With p ricking spours both perse his sides,  
 Shall thinke most fit it for him to be,  
 So I of force must yelde to bide,  
 Suche hope as fate will me provide.

As I by prooffe doo playnly see,  
 Whiche longe haue sought in hope to finde,  
 Some place to ease my miserie:  
 With toyle I tosse and troubled minde,  
 By seas by lande, in many a coaste,  
 In daunger ofte, like to be loaste.

I with and wante what should I say:  
 I seeke and finde nothing at all,  
 I toyle, and still in great decay,  
 I sayne woulde rise, yet still do fall,  
 With sondrie cares I am oprest,  
 But Pen be still, and take thy rest.  
 Finis.

His complaint to the God Cupide, because  
 he vvith his Darts perſeth him alone.

O Cupid Venus darlynge deare,  
 Whose powre no mortall might may bide,  
 If once in hande thy bow thou beare,  
 And flaminge forckers by thy side,  
 Why dost thou this lie still and sleape?  
 When I to thee doo wayle and wepe.

Where is become thy wonted powre?  
 Art thou vanquisht and put to flight:  
 Or els art thou dispoſde to lowre,  
 On me alone most wofull wight:  
 Say no, say no, Oh I thee pray,  
 And turne the harte breeds mine away.



and pretie Pamphilets.

In whiche time Carbes and trées, that Winters winde did weare,  
Enforce them selues to bud and growe some pleasant fruite to beare.  
The litle Wynde that reason wants, doth then with chirping cheare,  
From twig to twig, and bushe to bushe, greet oft his lotted feare:  
The flotinge Fish in sturdie streames, that travels day and night,  
Doth eke vnto their fancied feares repeare with all their might,  
The weake and weatched woymes forgetteth not this day,  
Whom we may finde aboute this time faste coplide by the way:  
As nature hath decreede all these by course of kinde,  
In thinges that reasons rule doth want, right so hath man asingde,  
For witnesse of the same in this apointed time,  
That euery man and woman eke shall haue a Valentine,  
In signe of that hir force whiche no wight can subdeu,  
Lo this the only cause I say, that all thinges doth renew:  
Lo this the cause also, why Fortunes lots be had,  
Whose hoped hap and haplesse hope, doth make both wo and glad.  
But I aboue the reast, may Fortune highly prayse,  
Who hath geuen me the fearest Dame, that liues in these our daies:  
Suche one I say whom Nature hath, with Vertue so I deckte,  
That none there is or shall haue powre, hir name once to deteckte:  
Euen suche a one whom I as Fortune hath assignde,  
Will alwaies be at hir commaunds, till death shall do his kinde.

Finis.

To a proude Dame.

The fem so fonde of bnauidised bwayne,  
That mountes in seate by pride of blinded harte,  
No prayse may get, but shewes a wis dom vaine,  
To passe degre in seate by no desert:  
Be thou content to sit on squared stole,  
Least seeming wise thou proue the fonder foole,  
It might been sayd by prudent boyce of grace,  
Presuming Dame retire from stately place.

Finis.

E.

The

Into this hand I comitt my  
Sylkitt



The lamentable ende of Iulia,  
Pompeyes vvife.

**S**he plunge in piteous paines and wofull smarte,  
Bespryed with trickling teares, on death like face,  
Downe trils the droppes on cheekes, and sighes from harte:  
To heare and see hir hus bandes graeuous case,  
Thus goes the spouse & wofull Iulia,  
Besprynt with bloud, when Pompeis cote she saw.

Downe dead she faules, in lamentable sounde,  
Of sence bereft, so great was Iulis straine:  
The childe conceiued within, with deadly wounde,  
Untimely fruite came forth with proching paine,  
When all was done, for loue hir life she lost,  
For Pompeyes sake she yelded vp hir gost.

So dead she lay be waylde with many teares,  
A Patron wise, a famous oznamment,  
And Cesar had liued full cherefull yeares,  
If thou with Pompey couldst haue ben content,  
But Ciuell warres, hath wzought this fatall lawe,  
To Pompeye death and death to Iulia.

Oe Patrones grane, and worthy spoused mates,  
Oe mayden Nymphes, whiche liue in larger partes,  
O reade and see be we not and iudge of states;  
And solow eke such faithfulnesse of harts,  
Such liuely loue embrace, saith vertue grane,  
As Iulie true for mate hir life she gaue.

Finis.

The



and pretie Pamphilets.

To his frowwarde friende.

**T**his is not solom Sophocles,  
In learned trade which treads,  
This is not hardie Hercules,  
That conquerd Hydrias heads.  
Feare not his boustous bantinge worde,  
Though he woulde seeme to bzaule,  
He will aduise his angrie sword,  
On whom his strokes doo fall:  
Wozdes be but winde, to purge his heate,  
His stomacke to abate,  
Wherein he shewes his manly feate,  
When most he seemes to prate,  
Time may a swage these choloricke fumes,  
Where Hercules is so bolde,  
Thinke not good Hercules all are momes,  
When all thy Cardes be tolde.  
Wee know the Wood by sight of trees,  
Wee know the fier is hot,  
Wee know your power and wise decrees,  
Though soles you call our lot,  
Farewell good hardie Hercules,  
As hardie as thou arte,  
Thou maiest be vert with litle Bees,  
Though greater be thy harte.

Finis.

A friendly salutation to his  
beloued.

**T**hese lines betw dearest friende,  
Wherein I close my harte:  
Beholde therein my great good will,  
Prouokte by iust desarte,

C. y.

This



## Pleasant Sonets.

This simple slender she to  
 Accept, your harte to moue,  
 For this my harte and golden will,  
 Restoze your golden loue.  
 For if greate riches coulde  
 Encopled mates the more,  
 I haue both seen, and liue as now,  
 Wherin I might haue store,  
 But naught I care the welth,  
 Nor yet the gorgeous gaine.  
 My handes and hart I only geue  
 Thee only to obtaine;  
 You only woulde I craue,  
 Befoze all other wight,  
 Befoze the sayrest proferde Simples,  
 You most do me delight.  
 Whose choyle is now at will,  
 To take or els refuse:  
 And if it lay so much in me,  
 You only woulde I chuse:  
 Accept my proferde loue,  
 As trust by truth may binde,  
 If it thee please I am thine owne,  
 My approued friende,  
 In worthy state to stay,  
 I will forsake thee neuer.  
 My harte my ioy my only care,  
 I will thee loue for euer:  
 Accepte and beleeve these lines,  
 And thinke my hart you see,  
 Beholding eke this messenger,  
 Somtimes consider me.  
 Suppose I present were,  
 To talke in friendly parte,  
 But though my body absent be,  
 Yet bounde you haue my harte.  
 Finis.



Complaint of ingratitude.

**M**en in piteous part,  
 Cannot in halfe descrie,  
 The inwarde woes in moning hart,  
 That gripes me secretlie.  
 If outwarde face coulde mone,  
 The woes of inwarde shape,  
 The senslesse trees, and Flintie stone,  
 Woulde rue my haplesse hap.  
 O hart with care opprest,  
 So plunge in penurie,  
 The sobbing sighes of great vnrest,  
 Will cause me wretch to die.  
 Into vntimely graue,  
 Mishap shall me conuaie,  
 The darte of death I neede not craue,  
 I see no prompter way.  
 Thus I haue plight the paine,  
 Of toying hand and minde  
 To helpe the grace that can rewarde,  
 Yet shew it selfe vnkinde.

Finis. I. K.

After his good fortune, false  
 into mishap.

**A** wretches set in wretched bale,  
 Where nought is sure but death so pale;  
 All worldly goods and ioyes so gay,  
 As withered flowres they bade away.  
 When Fortune thee doth hiest ertoule,  
 Yet somwhat still doth bere thy soule,  
 Then vertue craue bayne ioyes despice,  
 For wil dom still shall beare the price.

Finis . I. K.

E.iii.

A



Pleasant Sonets,  
A Dialogue touching the matri-  
moniall degree.

**S** If the wee are now in pleasaunt place,  
Where eache may speake his minde at will,  
And quietly debate the case,  
Accordingly by simple skill,  
I meane to reason this with thee,  
Who will be bounde and may go free.

What bandes you meane first let me know,  
And then I will some answer make,  
In diuers sence your wordes do grow,  
And diuersly they may be take,  
Though commonly they be aplide,  
To those that are in wedlocke tide.

My meaning is as ye do gesse,  
Now let me heare what you can say,  
If I shall right my minde expresse,  
And speake the truth without delay,  
I thinke him boyde of witte to be,  
That wil be bounde and may go free.

In wedlocke state, is no such bande,  
No freedom lost by taking wife,  
If that the truth be rightly scande,  
She causeth longe and happie life,  
A verteous wife enlarge thy daies,  
Of husbands age deuine bookes saies,

Who hastes to wyue in hope of that,  
Maye grope for Eles and catch a Snake,  
And proue as wise as Pusse our Catte,  
That sekinge fishe fell in the lake.

Let



and pretie Pamphilets.

3

Let them that list therfore for me,  
I will not binde and maie goe free.

Tell then I see who will contend,  
If thou so wilfully be bente,  
I doe fall out to little ende,  
Take hede therfore leste thou repente,  
The life thou now calst libertie,  
Here after through extremitie.

The Batcheler most ioyefully,  
Inpleasant plight doth passe his daies,  
Good feloship and companie,  
He doth maynteine and keepe alwaies,  
With Damsels braue he may well go,  
The maride man can not do so.

Though daintie Dames thee now delight,  
And bewties beames thine eies do blinde,  
When time shall come of perfit sight,  
The weddid life thou suerst shalt finde,  
For God himselte to auoyde sinne,  
The weddid state did first beginne.

Finis.

Tyme geueth triall.

Though yet to thee it skante appeare,  
The ende shall showe what truth I beare.

Finis.

The Bridle of youth.

**T**he wilde and wanton Coulte, that romes in pasture still,  
And takes his fode with careles lippes, without restraint of will,  
Is all vnmete to serue vpon, till first by perfit guide,  
With Bit and Bzidle stronge he be, from wanton will fast tide:

Where



Wherefoze eche woꝛthy wight, a rider fit doth finde,  
 To checke and bꝛeake such carlesse Coultres, as shall to them be sinde,  
 So like wyse beardlesse boyes, that reasons rule doth shonne,  
 In steede of Rider they by Rod, from vice to grace are wonne,  
 And both vnseemly were, foꝛ princely peares to vse,  
 A lacke therfoze in such I deeme, as woulde them thus abuse.  
 Finis.

A farevvell to his vvorshipfull friende. T. D.

D<sup>D</sup> bloysterous blastes that blow, compell to hoꝛse thy sayle,  
 To dꝛiue the ship to calmer Poꝛt, vnto thy moꝛe aduaile.  
 Cease ye froward fluds, retorne D ship to stay,  
 Foꝛ thou in Barke so well besfraught, hast al our ioyes alway,  
 But since the witlesse windes, haue causde good ship to flee,  
 The selve same blast shall shoꝛtly foꝛce, a soꝛte to sayle with thee,  
 And since thou wilt alway, what haplesse hap befell,  
 That doth pꝛocæde of inwarde woe, I can but say farewell,  
 Farewell D Justice iust, that didst vpꝛightly stande  
 And eke to rayse the fallinge pooꝛe, that hadst pꝛepared hande,  
 Farewel thou friendly hart, that wouldest do dwell alwayes,  
 With towarde minde & plighted paines, that sought thy founders pꝛaise  
 Farewell of minde so milde, vpsꝛonge of right degꝛee,  
 Somis inwarde thoughts bꝛge outward woes, that finde þ want of thee,  
 Farewell thou woꝛthy wight, in guile that canst not faine,  
 That will do well as thou hast don, not one there coms againe,  
 Farewell if nēdes it must, so doth our losse befall,  
 Of honest wights though hence ye go, yet haue the hartes of all,  
 Farewell a friend to eche, farewell a foe to none,  
 Lo here in grieve my last farewell, farewell D friende alone.

Et puis, & clemens, & carus es omnibus vnus?

Nature prudens, conditione probus:

Viue Diu, venerande faue, reuerende valet,

Hei mihi quod possum dicere, triste vale.

Finis.



and preti Pamphilets.

I. Keeper to his friend. H.

**H**owell haunte hope hartely,  
Vir happy hap haue humbly,  
Hast hardie hart holde honestie,  
Vir hartie hart I hight to thee.  
¶ Finis.

*The life of man likened to a Stage playe,  
where on wee ought warelie to walke.*

**S**ith earth is stage wheron we play our parts,  
And deeds are deemed accoꝝdyng to desarts,  
Be warie how you walke vpon the same,  
In playing your parte win pꝛayse and banishe blame,

Remember how your tale once tolde straight way,  
An other steps on stage his parte to play:  
To whom of force you must geue vp your place,  
As he that hath all redie runne his race.

Your porte, your powze, your wealth and wearing weeds,  
You then must yeelde to such as shall succede:  
As thinges but lent to play your part withall,  
Whose heyze shalbe euen as desarte doth fall.

Not he that plaieth the stateliest parte most pꝛayse,  
Nor he that weareth ritcheſt robes alwayes,  
But he I say that beares him selfe most best,  
Whether his parte be with the great or least.

Take heed therfoze and play your part so well,  
That after wardes you may in fastie dwell:  
Gripe not to greedely foꝝ woꝝldly gayne,  
The ende wherof is transitoꝝy and bayne.

¶ i.

But



Pleasant Sonets.

But be suffisde with that sufficient is,  
And seeke the thinges that byng eternall blisse,  
So shall you heare not only win great prayse,  
But after eke enioy most happie dayes.

¶ Finis.

*Regard by end.*

¶ Unpleasant is the plight, of that most wofull twight,  
That seeith with perfit sight, his life from him take flight,  
And wanteth power and might, to flea and flee such spight.

¶ Finis.

The lamentable historie of Sephalus with the  
vnfortunat end of Procris.

*To the tune of Appelles.*



No lust to be the beay happes,  
Of faythfull louers longe a go,  
And eke suruaye their after clappes,  
Wille needes me thinkes lament for woe,  
If that my hart were framd of flyhte  
From feares yet hardly might it stinte.

¶ I reade some tyme of Sephalus,  
A lusty youth of noble blood,  
Of face and fauor amozus  
In natures fauour far he stoode,  
It neare woulde make a man agaste,  
To marke bys lymbs and members platt.  
¶ So streight, so square, so trym was he,  
So fayre of forme so wyse and sage,  
He semde a sample sure to be,  
And Lantarne to the yonger age,  
And to conclude, he passed those,  
That thought they made a goodly glose.

This



and preti Pamphilets.

¶ This bryte (as youth will haue a spurte,  
When lusty blood be gynes to brylle,  
Dyd flee from freedom to the courte,  
Where Venus only kepes the coyle,  
Thus reason banished quite a waye,  
He warneth will to beare the swaye.  
Then fancy forced by and by,  
The wandring eyes as skowtes to bee,  
In secret sorte so to espie,  
Dy publykely to marke and see,  
If any Lady weare in sight,  
That might deserue this worthy knyght.

¶ But sone alas they haue espyde,  
The marke whereat they shot so longe,  
Faire Procris beuote is descryde,  
She blaze so bryght her mates amonge,  
Lo Sephalus doth nowe be gonne,  
His Ladies fauor fynt to wynde.

¶ Fewe daies were past lesse yeares were spent  
Tyll flattringe Fortune strake the stroke,  
Lo loue eche other both were bent,  
Loue did them both so sore prouoke,  
What will you moze if Fortune saye,  
It shalbe thus saye you not naye.

¶ Nowe nothinge greened Sephalus,  
But so to be a bydded fro,  
His Ladies sight most glozyus  
What greater greef might any grow  
Fayre Procris Parents were so hard,  
That she as Wyde in Cage was barde.

¶ But Sephalus by fyne deuyle,  
Of wytty hed and wary wyf,  
Did put in practyse to intyse,  
His Ladie thence what hap shoulde hit,  
By letter then he did conclude,  
That she her keepers shoulde delude.

F. ii.

And



Pleasant Sonets.

But be suffice with that sufficient is,  
And seeke the thinges that byng eternall blisse,  
So shall you heare not only win great prayse,  
But after eke enioy most happie dayes.

¶ Finis.

Regard thy end.

¶ Unpleasant is the plight, of that most wofull wight,  
That seeith with perfit sight, his life from him take sight,  
And wanteth power and might, to flea and flee such spight.

¶ Finis.

The lamentable historie of Sephalus with the  
vnfortunat end of Procris.

To the tune of Appelles.



Woe lust to betwe the beavy happes,  
Of faythfull louers longe a go,  
And eke suruaye their after clappes,  
Wulste needes me thinkes lament for woe,  
If that my hart were framd of sighte  
From teares yet hardly might it stinte.

¶ I reade some time of Sephalus,  
A lusty youth of noble blood,  
Of face and fauor amozus  
In natyres fauour far he stode,  
It neare woulde make a man agaste,  
To marke bys lyms and members platt.

¶ So streight, so square, so trym was he,  
So fayre of forme so wyse and sage,  
He semde a sample sure to be,  
And Lantarne to the yonger age,  
And to conclude, he passed those,  
That thought they made a goodly glose.

This



and preti Pamphilets.

¶ This hunte (as yowth will haue a spurte,  
When lusty blood be gynn to bryde,  
Wyd flee from freedom to the courte,  
Where Venus only kepes the coyle,  
Thus reason banisht quite a waye,  
He warneth will to beare the swaye  
Then fancy forced by and by,  
The wandringe eyes as skowtes to bee,  
In secret sorte for to espie,  
Do publykely to marke and see,  
If any Lady weare in sight,  
What might deserue this worthy knight.

¶ But sone alas they haue espyde,  
The marke whereat they shot so longe,  
Faire Procris beuotie is descryde,  
She blazde so bryght her mates amonge,  
No Cephalus doth nowe be gynne,  
His Ladies fauor fyrst to wynde.

¶ Fewe daies were past lesse yeaeres were spent  
Till flattringe Fortune strake the stroke,  
No loue eche other both were bent,  
Loue did them both so sore prouoke,  
What will you moze if Fortune saye,  
It shalbe thus saye you not naye.

¶ Into nothinge greened Cephalus,  
But for to be a bydded fro,  
His Ladies sight most glozyus  
What greater greef might any grow  
Fayre Procris Parents were so hard,  
That she as Wyde in Cage was barde.

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Of wytty hed and wary wyf,  
Did put in practyse to intyse,  
His Ladie thence what hap shoulde hit,  
By letter then he did conclude,  
That she her keepers shoulde delude.

¶.ii.

And



Pleasant Sonets.

¶ And to a Forrest bye a pace,  
Which he in letter namd also,  
Whiche he meane to vyde yet vnder

If that it woulde her plect to goe,  
The letters red shee sought his will.

In euery poynte for to fulfill.

¶ And to the apoynted place shee hids,

Expectinge still her Sephalus,

She gaue the slippe vnto her gyde,

Oh tracte of tyme most tedyus,

Oh Procris sure thine is the wronge,

That Sephalus a bydes so longe.

¶ But neuer is the same to longe,

The proverbe sayth that comes at last

She spyde him in the ende amonge,

A sort of trees not makynge hast,

His Boowe was bent his arowe fast,

In But to shoote already plast.

¶ She would not call for feare of foes,

For yet to hym she woulde repayre,

Lest that she shoulde the Deere vnroes,

That Sephalus had spyde at layre,

She geues him leaue to range his fill,

Full loth she is his spoyle to spill.

¶ The tyme did passe no game was founde,

And Sephalus was welnere tyde,

For Procris absence did hym wounde

For she was all that he desyde,

Hee stode not still he trugde about,

To see if he might fynde her out.

¶ No fortune brought him nere the place,

Where Procris still alas did stande,

She blusshed yet to see we her face,

She made no sygne but with her hand,

She tooke the bowes and them did shake.

A fearde to great a noyse to make.

But



Pleasant Sonets.

¶ But Cephalus when he espyde,  
The leaues to wagge and bowes to shake,  
He thought some beast did there him hyde,  
And at hys commynge did awake,

Wherfoze to see he thought it best,  
If he might fynde him takinge rest.

¶ And as he peeped here and there,  
He spyde a thynge of coler darke,  
And indginge it an ouglie Beare,  
Dyschargde hys bowe and hit the marke,

Throug sturdy stroke and deadly wound,  
He nayled Procris to the grownde.

¶ Alas vnwares did Cephalus,  
His Ladie kill and murder thus,  
Oh greeff of greefs most doloious,  
Oh hap of Happs most pytous

Deare Ladies stepe your foote to myne  
To mourne with me your hartes inclyne.

¶ When Cephalus his Procris founde,  
Imbryde with blood on euery side  
The arrowe stickinge in the wounde,  
That bleedinge soze did gape full wyde,

He curst the gods that skies possesse  
The systers thzee and all the rest.

¶ And sayntly spake, no Ladie no,  
You shall not vanishe hence a lone,  
My ghosste alas your frendly soo,  
Shall wayte your pzyous soule vpon,

And wyth that worde to ende his lyfe,  
He slue him selfe with bloody knyfe.

¶ O Lordynges, here by take a bewe,  
And Ladies marke what I shall saye,  
Eche one to lyfe must say adue,  
And to the earthe her owne repaye,

There is no choyse we see it lo,  
When death doth call we needs must go.

Finis.

F.iii.



and preti Pamphilets.

*A freindly admonishment to his  
freinde to choose a wife.*

**H**ere line in loue : for thy bebone, let reason rule thy chayer:  
so shalt thou weare : Willes eare, to shun the Wyrens boyce,  
Beware and care : before thou stare, on womens painted eyes,  
like Crocodiles: with poysoned smiles, they will thee cleane disguise,  
If thou to catche : intendst a match, to lide in marriage spoyle:  
first marke and heare : what fame she beare, amonge the wiser soyle,  
For market men : can tell thee then, how both the market go,  
if well thou heare : then draw thee neare, and be in sute not flo,

In womens mindes : are diuers winds, which stir their Aspin tounge,  
to prate and chat, they know not what, by that much strife is sprung,  
But take thou heede : and euer bzeede, to matche with carters kinde,  
for carters seede, is base of bzeede, whose maners ill wee finde,  
They will deuise : both tales and lies, to bring thy house to square:  
no honest man (if that we can,) with hir shall credit beare,  
Such rusticke kinde : such faults will finde, whē they desarme the blame  
and wilbe proude : and scould full loude, not passing for hir fame,

The seruants good : from meate and foode, she will debar with paine:  
and yet complaine, as though thy gaine, by them were spent in vaine,  
To blinde thine eyes : she will haue spies, to bringe thee tales and lies,  
as though for thurst, good huswines shift, she doth for thee deuise,  
When she in deede, her selfe will feede, and take her pruate gaine,  
and make the weare kyng, Midas eare, as though she tooke the paine,  
But in hir Wyne, she will diuine, and blab the secret minde:  
to such hir mates : as chats and prates, according to hir kinde,

By this I say, a foole in play, by hir thou shalt be made :  
and all the towne : will call thee clowne, which ridest on such a Jade,  
Agayne a mayde, of honest trade, if thou wilt seeke to haue:  
though riches want : yet like the Ant, by travell will she saue.  
An Oull enough, thy man at plough, and all thy seruants els,  
shall of hir meate, both drinke and eate, no toyes nor lies she tels,  
In quiet rest, she maketh nest, to lodge thy weary bones:  
and will thee keepe, in quiet sleepe, from all deepe sighes and grones,  
Amonge



Pleasant Sonets.

Amonge hir maydes, with honest trades, she puts hir bande in vse:  
and alwaies dzeades: hir husbands deedes, with scolding to abuse,  
Besides all this: thou shald not misse, but haue an honest fame:  
for such a wife: is chaste of life, and like Calistes dame,  
He is a cokes: and worthy strokes, whose wife the Breeches beare:  
a Cuckolds hood, to do him good, deserueth he to weare,  
Take heede therfore: and keepe in store, this short admonishment:  
Least had I wist: alas I mist, then doest to late repent.

Finis.

*The Loner decaued, writes to his Ladie.*

*To the tune of in Cret when dedalus.*

**W**ho wold haue thought that face of thine, had ben so full of doblenes  
Or else within those Cristall eyne, had rest so much bristablenes,  
Thi face so fair thi look so straung, who wold haue thought so full of chasig  
But truth it is as most men saye, in Cutlers blade is had much craft,  
Who chepneeth thine & make no saye, maie buy on broken in the haff,  
And then repent and saye as I, lo what it is, to truste the eye.

In sleper hold who can put trust, or iudge a glas of sure mettall,  
Thou art to blame to seme so iuste, and prooue so false in the triall,  
But sith thou arte so false in deede, best plucke the vp & tyll the seede,  
So yonge in yeaues, so old in crafte, some petie it is that thou so arte,  
More petie it is that nature graffe, so good a face with a false harte,  
But since thou art in such a case, to sell thy selfe and hide thy face.

The Ducke vntaught of berie kind, doth swime & dine after y Dame,  
And thou likewise of sliper mynde, dost show of whom thy nature came,  
Thou foudest in thy mothers papes, to bait w craft thy pleasant trapes,  
So as the new & false both please, the changing mind within her graft,  
So doth the old and true disease, her subtile wittes and pzetuie crafts  
And say true man trust not to much, y false reward y cometh of such.

Finis.

Farewell for enir and this my last.



and preti Pamphilets,

In stringe his plaint; he declareth the vncertainty of fained frendship.

To the tune of winters in returne.

**I**f teares make trie my troth, that trickle downe my cheekes,  
Or if my good will may be knowen, by pzoofe of daies or weekes.  
Then doe I wzonge receaue, where frendship craue I moſte,  
and where in deed in euery ſtozme, my beſell hath ben toſte,  
And thzough theſe tempeſtes all, my Shippe hath ſafly ſayld,  
and yet no Seas could ſhake my Barke, my hope hath ſo pzeuaild,  
Oh helpe ye Courtiers now, and Soldiers euery ech one,  
to wayle my pzeſent heuy fate, my Fortune fled and gone,  
And curſe this wicked world, wherin moſt frindes do ſainte,  
and namely ſuch as tracte of time, hath taught their tounge to paine  
Which pzomple moze by woordes, then will or woordes perfozmes,  
ſuch haue the curnels eaten all, and I coumpte them the woymes,  
That gnawes the hartes of men, in peeces euery daye,  
and ſuch alas haue led my Shippe, a wery wilkſome waite,  
From whence if I refozne, I ſhall but wander ſtill,  
and ſynd noe path to tread vpon, that can content my will,  
Weare haue I boyſt my ſayle, as hye as wind can blowe,  
here had I frendes whyle nod or becke, a world might ouer thzowe,  
And ſtill my Chalenge ſtaffe, did ſtand by one alone,  
whole gentle hart is now become, as hard as Marble ſtone,  
To me the caſe is ſuch, that miſhap thus is myne,  
When I am wzone vnto the bones, he letts me ſtarue and pyne,  
He lettes me ſinke or ſwyme, and ſhifte by ſlight of bzayne,  
as though my head ſo gameſome were, to ſet on euery maine,  
Since frendſhip ſeble growes, and men can cauſes change,  
and will this daie familiar be, and tourne to moztow ſtraunge,  
I will goe ſeke my happes, thzough fludes and ſalt Sea ſome,  
and rather periſhe on the Rockes, then thus to ſtarue at home,  
Amongſt my cheeſeſt frendes, a mid my natuie ſoyle,  
wher neuer yet in anye poynt, I ſuffered blot or ſoyle,  
Where all the world might ſaie, I ſucte vp many a wzonge,  
where well a way ſome other thinke, I pooze man liue to longe,  
Where let my trueth be tried, I craue but ſmall rewarde,  
and where when ſoztune doth me right, the pzince maic me regarde.

Finis.



Pleasant Sonets.

*The Vnsentantie offseruice by Iohn*

*Keeper to his friend Howell.*

**O**f late whē Primrose gan to peare, on Medows bancke so green,  
When Daisies whit & Rose full red, most chearful al were seene,  
A lustie wight of sturde blood, in chieftest times of might,  
I sawe to ride with corage hie, on Balfray trimly dight,  
A Courtier right in bzauest weede, of purest silks so gay,  
with curious Chayne of goodly golde, so clad in courtlike ray,  
Of liuely yeres, as fresh as flower, a fine yonge man he was:  
of manly minde not caring ought, how daies or yeres byd passe.  
Not ought did want that might pzefer, the greatest ioylitie:  
for hart and handes, both legges & limmes, were then in soueraigntie,  
As thus he rode in coradge bolde, as well him semde full bzaue:  
he met in Feild an aged man, well ny his ghastly graue.  
Of couloz pale with withed browes, and wrinckled face to note,  
who leande vnto his feble staffe, with slender leggs god wot,  
Most homlie was his ragged ray, as man that carde for none,  
of lims so leane in hungrye cozpes, a simple soule alone,  
This lustie youth when once he sawe, where such pooze man abode,  
he plies his spurs to hozles sides, and fast he thither rode,  
And aske from whence & what he was, and what was Fortunes rage,  
why toyle of youth could not prouide, for this gray hozed age.  
This aged man when he behelde, that lustie lad so nie,  
he lifted vp his croked cozps. and gasde with white of eye,  
And pointed vp his shaking hands, that nought were els but bones,  
with feble voice and sobbing sighes, thus poures he out his mones,  
Welcom good sonne, I wish thee well, in these thy timely yeres:  
and God encrease by hys decre, thy life in happie cheares.  
But I haue seen and tride to true, that those that run thy race:  
though youth be bzaue, yet age shall wayle, in most vnhappy case.  
For I in times haue serude in Courte, as bzaue as bzauest of all:  
but witlesse yoath, could not for see, ill haps, that might befall,  
I wayle my case, and rue the men, that run the selfe same way:  
whose endes will chaunce a like to mine, lest for wit, will, do stay,  
Wherfore yonge man, take hede betime, lest folly worke thy paine.  
youth stands not still, for times do flecte, as fluds do flow amaine:



and preti Pamphilets.

And since thou art a seruitour, this learne of aged man,  
a miserable life thou ledst, if toyles with fruites thou scan.  
Of seruing men therfoze will I, declare the state to thee.  
that thou soze warnde by me mayst learue, to flee that misere.  
When first thou comst to seruice trade, it semth full sweet a far.  
but warie be, most sweet to men, all vnerpert, is war.  
And eke this talke that I declare, by pzeofe I know it true :  
would God I had not seene it tride, my haplesse hap to rue.  
Beware by me, in pzeent youth, who was in ioylitee :  
be happy is whom others harms, do warie cause to bee.  
Thy mayster first will thee accept, and loue thee passyng well :  
when lullie Age and limmes of youth, and riches doo excell :  
As longe as thou canst beare thy charge, thy pzooper costs to spe nde,  
which thou to honour well thy Lorde, dost liberally extende,  
As longe as thou with money storde, o2 qualities art freight,  
most saye thy maister speekes to thee, most ioyfull is his plight :  
Hast chearefull peares his pleasant face, all times continually:  
and still he saith, he full is bent to help, and chearish thee.  
Saye woordes they say, make fooles to saine, trust not sweet pzomise kind  
befoze the deedes agree to woordes, which thou by pzoofe shalt finde.  
For though thou be, in fauour greatst, yet coms a sudden blast,  
that Maisters loue, may turne to hate, as one dispisde at last.  
Still shalt thou plie, both carks and cares, so2 maysters worthy states  
to ride, to run, in heate and colde, at times both er and late,  
In perels plunge and dangers greate, thou fealt continuallie :  
thy life thou dost aduenture oft, so2 Maisters cause to dye,  
When others sleape in quiet bedde, thou ridst in nightes that be,  
in thewes and stormes to do the thyng, that Lorde commits to thee.  
In perels oft of ennies swozdes, in groues and bushie place,  
this doubtfull waies so2 Maisters cause, thou runst in painfull race.  
At home thou must in pzeence be, to shewe thy diligence,  
for maister all the trauaile is, but all thine owne expense.  
In o2ber thynges thou must addresse, both here and theare to goe :  
to crie and call, to talke and toyle, this is thy endles woe,  
Now maister calls, now mistris speakes, now vp and downe goe now,  
now farris here, now goe thou theare, at all commaundes be thou.

Pat



Pleasant Sonets,

Yet when thy maister likes thee well, thy maistris may thee hate:  
 and thus betwene Caribdis rockes, thou sailst in doubtfull state.  
 Of both thee loue, tis but for times, they stande vncōstantlie,  
 for maister genes, his care perhaps, to faulthie flatterie.  
 And then a pteule soone maye worke, a treuthles tale to tell:  
 that fauour sleeth, and maister hateth, whom late he loued full well.  
 O cruell tongue, O maisters fonde, that so will bend their eares,  
 to cause a faithfull seruantes hart, to mone in heauie cheeres.  
 But thousande wayes besides may growe, displicars great in place,  
 that shall thee bring from ioyfull hart, into a dolefull case.  
 This is the surest certaintie, of seruice that maie fall,  
 this is the woofull haps of men, in place illiberall.  
 At beck thou art, to come and goe, a bondage tis yee see.  
 who wilbe linct in seruitude, if well he may go free:  
 The crooked clowne, with all his toyle, fealt not one halfe thy paine,  
 to whom the tyllid soyle restores, for laboures gratefull gayne.  
 But thou for fruites so well deserued, by longe applied care,  
 perchance may get but only hate, not one good worde to spare.  
 O Barraine lande, O frutelesse felde, to bringe a soyt to woes:  
 for when they hopde to haue rewarde, nought els but hatred grows.  
 What man can iudge of such a soyle, that hath both eyes to see,  
 but that he will accompt the ende, a mortall misere:  
 If once thou hast away to be, when maister calls thee well,  
 what checks thou hast at thy retorne, I neede not here to tell.  
 Yea oft we see for absence small, though cause full great appeare,  
 thy maister taunth, and maistris frownes, as Heg of Hell she weare.  
 And once if thou from fauour fall, then laboureth flatterying spies:  
 to hoyle thee out of fauour cleane, by lewde and knauish lies.  
 And commonly this thing doth hap, when youth and goods are spent,  
 for then to driue thee of in deede, his minde is falsly bent:  
 And soone will be geue credit then, to those that thee depzaue:  
 alas for all our carkes and cares, this is rewarde wee haue,  
 When faithfull man hath thus long serued, in truth of tried hart:  
 in thend shall vice ingratitude, retracte his iust desarte,  
 O youth beware, O men bewyse, what foole so blinde is hee.  
 that will spende out his youthfull yeres, such seruingman to be?



and preti Pamphilets.

A seruingman, what mome will loue, their names are odious,  
their life abhorde as wicked waies, and trade most impious,  
This will the hellish sclaunderous lipps, of honest man report,  
and though the seruingeman be good, yet rayles the enuious sort:  
When thus is spent thy golden youth, and many goodly yerres:  
and left the waies of surer life, where greater fruites appeares:  
When spent be goods both stock and store, and all in seruice care:  
and liued longe at charge of freinds, whose bagges for thee go bare.  
Then comth on thee displeasures great, at one unhappy howse,  
that maister hates whom well he loued, & turnes thee out his howse.  
Then age with charge and toyling paines, so many yerres of trust,  
are now at once on sudden lost, and all is layde in dust.  
Thus thou for toyle and great expense, hast small rewarde to take:  
now age draweth on and all is spent, and all men thee forsake,  
And thou art left in beggers state, that were in youth so fine,  
what miserie is like to this, what woes then like to thine?  
In hope, some lye to be preferde, for worke to haue his gaine,  
but hope may misse, though wide he gap, he gapeth perchaunce in vaine.  
Where one wee see to be preferde, three lye for lacke as staru'd.  
and other eke shall haue the fruites, that they haue well deseru'd.  
And this is cause that I olde man, am pooze whom none regarde,  
for I haue felt for seruice longe, the maisters short rewarde;  
What greater plagues or woes can be, then lost deserued meede,  
and Lorde to turue his seruant of, in time of greatest neede:  
Of seruice longe this is the ende, as still by prooffe ye see,  
for faithfull hartes of seruaunts true, these are rewardees that bee.  
For longe expense and charge of freinds, this is rewarde againe,  
for lost of time in golden youth, this is the tried gaine.  
For toyling paines and labours longe, this fruitelesse endes that bee:  
alas this is the death of some, when Lordes ingrate they see;  
But cheefe when age, doth once appeare, that labour none they haue,  
the mistres cries what makst thou heare, be packing doting knaue:  
So are they like vnto the Dog, in Hunt that runs his race,  
who hath in youth been well esteem'd, and liu'd in careless case,  
But when in age he werryed is, that hunting all is past.  
go hange, they crie the cursed car, this is rewarde at last.

This



Pleasant Sonets.

This is the ende, this is rewarde, for paines and lost of age:

¶ I learne yonge man that seruice then, in none inheritaunce.

A signe of this of youth ill spent, an aged man am I,

alas no refuge is for me, ¶ death now let me die.

¶ wretched state, ¶ cruell course, ¶ port of penurie,

¶ pitte of pagnes, ¶ pestilent race, ¶ sincke of miserie,

¶ witless waies ¶ fruitles facts, ¶ badge of beggers state,

¶ plumpe of paines ¶ endles woes, ¶ man infortunate.

Retire my sonne this race to run, that life vnertaine is,

who liues in state of Seruitours, liues still in doubtfulness.

What is the cause, ingratitude, withholdes the helping hande,

since seruing weights by dayly toyle, are praise of noble band,

What is the state of noble troope, if seruants haue no powres,

alone is knowen a princely port, by traine of seruitours?

By seruice dew is well distinct, of state the right degrees:

as seruants serue in hoping harts, and crouch with humble knees.

Where are the men more courteous, then men of seruice free:

what men are more of comely corps, then Courtly seruants be?

Who knowes the course and trade of men, but seruants daily care?

who are more feate or trim traind vp, then maner'd seruants are?

Who stronge or tall of personage, but men of seruants route?

who beares the cares & bzont of wars, but seruants arms so stoute:

What then of more necessitie, then seruitours full trewe:

why then shall they haue ill rewards, in thend their states to rewe?

Lo here good sonne I haue declarde, some part of thy degre:

beware betimes, hereafter say, that I haue tolde it thee:

Then came this courtly Courtier, wherin his prayse redownes,

and gaue vnto this aged man, for helpe full twentie Crownes,

And saide till death in mindefull best, this counsell will I graue,

and eke in time I hope by wit, thereof the fruites to haue,

I thanckes restord with hartye loue, which tongue dooth faint to tell:

god thee preserve in happie dayes, ¶ Father deare farewell:

Fare well (quoth he) with thousande thanckes, & God thy iorney speeds

which thus hast helpe my aged yeres, in times of greatest neede,

Thus sayd: that aged man full glad, with lingring steps on went.

and laith his corps in pleasant shade, of Oken tree so bent:



and preti Pamphilets.

For tonge with talke now werie was, and hart for gift was glad:  
Wherefoze he went to recreat, his limmes that weaknesse had,  
And laying downe his bodie weake, he layde his staffe him bye,  
and leande his head on Elbow bare, and close his sleeping eye.

Finis.

### Howell to his freinde keeper.

*R. G. G.* The seruyng state which you relect,  
By open cause that you defect,  
Desernes so great a prayse in deede,  
As great contempts cannot excede.

Who serues not God is boyde of blisse,  
In noble service freedom is,  
And he that hath cleare eyes to see,  
Perceaues that all men seruants bee.

For Princes great it serue God aboue,  
And men them serue in God by loue,  
As God geueth gifts who him regards,  
So Lord his servant true rewards.

What greate rewards of Pastors be,  
By service got wee dayly see?  
Some Knights be dubbe for their awarde,  
To greater state, thence forth p[re]farde.

And eke wee see in meaner sort,  
The Lords that keepe the statelie port,  
Theire seruants keepe in ioylitie,  
And them p[re]far to dignitie.

*Printed by I. B. for I. B. at the sign of the ...*



Pleasant Sonets.

If servants then receave their meede,

The four loose slips of paper identifying or commenting on poems, inserted in No. 1 at C 3 and E 3 (two slips) and in No. 3 at A 2, are in the hand of Bishop Thomas Percy, editor of the Reliques. Since Bishop Percy did not know of Breton's Arbor when he first edited his Reliques in 1765, he must have seen Capell's copy & inserted the slips after that date.

W. A. Ringer, Jr.  
19 March 1968

Bishop Percy has also written in suggested textual emendations on F1 and F2<sup>v</sup> of The Arbor.



I have an ancient Qu  
the forms in the Book in  
with little or no variation  
which in the MS is mo



Quarto MS, which contains many of  
the Arbor of Amorous Devices,  
on, except in point of orthography  
more obsolete & antique. ~~at the~~  
i. p. n.



~~back of the gate~~



on the side



and preti Pamphilets.

For tonge with talke now werie was, and  
wherefore he went to recreat, his limme  
And laying downe his bodie weake, he layd  
and leande his head on Elbow bare, and

Finis.

Howell to his freinde

*Hi. Galy*  
The seruyng state which you relect,  
By open cause that you detect,  
Deserues so great a p[re]syle in dede,  
As great contempts cannot excede.

Who serues not God is boyde of blisse,  
In noble service freedom is,  
And he that hath cleare eyes to see,  
Perceaues that all men servants bee.

For Princes great if serue God aboue,  
And men them serue in God by loue,  
As God giveth gifts who him regards,  
So Lord his servant true rewards.

What greafe rewards of spalliers be,  
By service got wee dayly see?  
Some Knights be dubbe for their awards  
To greater state, thence forth p[re]farde.

And wee see in meaner sort,  
The Lords that keepe the stately port,  
Theire servants keepe in ioylitie,  
And them p[re]far to dignitie.

*back of a white parchment or paper*



Pleasant Sonets.

If seruants then receaue their meede,  
And eche man seruant is in deede,  
In this displaye of them so prest,  
Include your selfe amongst the rest.

They are preferred, why say ye noe,  
Their Maisters gifts do dayly growe,  
Exalt therfore good Courteours,  
And eke the courte of Seruitours.

Finis.


keeper his answer to. H.

Kind Hope thou quietly,  
Do serue thy Lord most faithfully,  
No man to much can payle such men,  
No Maister good depaues my pen.

I speake of Maister Couetous,  
Unkinde, vnjust, vncourteous,  
Unsweet, vnmeet, to serue at all,  
Not good, not iust, not liberrall.

Therfore ye take my worde amisse,  
All saruants are most true it is:  
Yet I do gesse by inwarde moode,  
All seruants serue not Maisters good.

Finis.

Printed at London in Fleetstreet  
beneath the Conduyt, at the signe of   
Iohn Euangelist by Thomas Colwell.



~~Richard I. King of England~~  
~~Richard I. King of England~~

Let me have honour not the false

and change the reaction and matter

our man

Richard I.

King

of England

Richard I. King of England

Richard I. King of England

Richard I. King of England

Richard I. King of England

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Richard I. King of England

Richard I. King of England

Richard I. King of England





The Arbor Of Amorous Deuises By Breton  
London. 1597

# To the Gentlemen

Readers: health, wealth, and  
welfare.

**R**ight curteous Gentlemen, your absence, this long time of vacation hindered my poore Presse from publishing any pleasing Pamphlet, to recreate your minds, as it was wont: yet now, to giue you notice that your old Printer forgetteth not his best friendes, he hath thought it meet to remember his duetifull good wil he beareth to you all, publishing this pleasant Arbor for Gentlemen, beeing many mens workes excellent Poets, and most, not the meaneest in estate and degree: and had not the Phenix preuented her of some the best stuffe she furnisht her nest with of late: this Arbor had bin somewhat the mote handsomer trimmed up, beside a larger scope for gentlemen to recreate them selues. Please it you (sweete Gentlemen) to take it in worth as it is, though nothing comparable with your pleasant Arbors of the countrie: view it ouer I pray you, and praise it as you find it: in the meane time (I beseech you) pardon me: and protect me against Gaulling Finde faults, that neuer like of any thing, but what they doe themscines, and that for the most part, is nothing at all: so shall I acknowledge my selfe most bounden vnto your flourishing degree,

A L.